Northern Messenger

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ALBERT GALLION QUE
Mrs W M Poggr
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Forbid Them Not

(Emily C. Wheeler.)

To-day as the Master stands looking at hundreds and thousands of Armenian and Syrian children who are wandering about in that land of the Bible growing up to be vagrants and beggars and being lost even to the name of Christianity, he turns to his disciples of every name and says, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

'Forbid them not' when they walk weary miles, coming even four days' journey to enter the orphanages where, washed and clothed, sheltered and fed, they may be taught of him who will indeed even now take them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and bless them.

'Forbid them not' to learn the trades and industries which shall make them self-supporting men and women in the future. 'Forbid them not' the education in the missionary schools, given to those most promising, which shall fit them for teachers and preachers among their own people. 'Forbid them not' the blessing of conversion which comes to many, changing the children so wondrously that, owing to their good behavior and studiousness, three-fourths of the prizes given in some schools are given to the orphans.

Twenty-five dollars a year on the average places the child in an orphanage, and

ALTOON, AN ORPHAN, AS SHE CAME TO US.

donors may, if desired, receive the description of the child, a letter of thanks and a photograph.

Does it pay to save an orphan in this way? Watch the children in school at their work, at their play.

'Miss Shattuck writes:—Twenty-seven years ago I was told "You are going to a land where there are no trees, and where the children never laugh." Trees are not increased perceptibly, but the happy faces and merry laughing of our orphans refute the latter part of the statement. Nothing, indeed, is so hopeful in Turkey as these children, and while the care of them comes to us missionaries as an extra department of work we rejoice in our privilege.'

ORPHANS IN EVERY-DAY DRESS

Does it pay in this age of child study to invest in such a work? Does it pay to obey the Christ who says, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me.' Hear the testimony of one missionary after another telling of the little tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, book-binders, potters, rugmakers, cooks, embroiderers, and so on. The boys are making the cloth which the girls weave, into coats. Other girls spin all the yarn and knit the stockings, while yet others cut and make the underclothing.

In Harpoot ten boys are enthusiastic over the silk culture business, and the little tailors there are at work with a leading tailor making custom work. A Vali Pasha in Sivas noting the skill of one of the orphan cabinet-makers, in making cane-seated chairs with carved backs, engaged him to assist in making the furniture for his new house in Constantinople.

Mrs. Lee, of Marash, has greatly encouraged the orphans' carpentry class by giving an order for school furniture, on which they are at work with zest, anxious to please her.

Orphan girls from Egin are now going to orphanages in other cities to give lessons in rug making. Two of their rugs were recently bought by a merchant to bring to America for eighty-nine dollars. In Marsovan they are hoping to introduce the weaving of Turkish towels, an excellent trade in that land. Girls go out to make homes happy. One young Armenian wrote from this land to a mission station in Turkey saying that since his younger brother came back with his new wife, an orphan girl from there, their home has been like heaven, and begging for his brother's wife's sister, now in an orphanage, as a wife for himself, that their happiness might be complete.

Young teachers are going out from the Van orphanage. Of one of these the Reis of the village said when it was proposed

ALTOON, TWELVE MONTHS LATER.

to close the school, 'Why, I never knew it was wrong to swear, and have always been accustomed to do so, but one day last winter my little girl who has been in Manatsagan's school, heard me swear, and she cried and told me it was wicked to swear, and you may be sure I am not going to let that school be closed.' A very

marked change has taken place in the morality of the village since the school was opened.

We will not horrify you by tales of the massacre through which these children were orphaned. Most of them are fatherless because timid men were brave for Christ's sake and met death rather than deny their Lord.

There were sixty thousand orphans in 1896. Of these twenty thousand have died from exposure and hunger, and of the forty thousand left only six thousand five hundred are being cared for by England, Germany and the United States.

The National Armenian Relief Committee exists for this blessed work of saving orphans. The 'Helping Hand Series,' a tiny illustrated quarterly (annual subscription ten cents) reports the work. Send subscriptions to the secretary (40 King street, Worcester, Mass.), and ask her to send you a package for distribution in your church, your club, your neighborhood. Interest men and women in endowing buildings for carrying on industries. Every town in our happy land should have an interest in these children who are the wards of Christendom.

'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.' Save these orphans and pray for the Moslems. Some day these children of the martyrs shall preach the gospel to the Turk, who has blasphemed the cross of Christ.—'Record of Christian Work.'

A Useful Test.

(By the Rev. J. Reid Howatt.)

When you are not quite sure of the sum you have wrought, you proceed to 'prove it'; you add up, or subtract, or divide in a different way from what you had done at the first, and if what you have got by the new way, and what you got by the old one, do not agree, you know the sum must be wrong, and you set about doing it all over again. Now, why should you take all this trouble? Why should it concern anybody else in the world if you choose to make nine and five be sixteen, or four times eight be thirty? If it pleases you to make them so, why should it displease any one else? If you draw a man running, or draw him sitting, nobody cares two straws which you do, if you only draw cleverly enough; why should it not be the same with figures?

Ah! you know there is a great difference. You may pretty well please yourself in drawing, but it is not enough to satisfy yourself with figures; you must either satisfy certain rules which cannot be broken, or make everything go wrong, and somebody is sure to suffer by it. You have to 'prove' what is pleasing, not to yourself, but to the multiplication and similar tables. It is just the same with our lives, and Jesus Christ. He is Lord, Master, of us all. Then if we love him, and want to be true to him, so as to be loved by him again, what we must learn to do about everything is—to 'prove' it, and see whether it is pleasing, not to ourselves, but to him. Let me try to make this clearer.

Italy is a land of volcanoes, and earthquakes, and other shaking things of the sort, so that it is not easy to build tall and slender towers and yet keep them true to the plummet. There comes a shake, or the foundation yields a little, and the tower tilts—like the leaning tower of Pisa, and the two leaning towers of Turin. It is natural, then, that builders who have taken pains to do their work thoroughly should seek for some way to 'prove' it, so as to show that what they have done is both upright and downright. The builders of the Cathedral in Florence took a very ingenious way of proving this. High up, in the centre of that beautiful building, is a lofty dome, like that of St. Paul's, with stained windows all round. On the casement of one of these windows is a small iron ring, and it is by this the uprightness of the tower is tested every year. For, on a certain day in June, at a certain hour, the sun shines through that ring, and its light falls on a brass plate let into the marble floor far beneath. So long as the sunbeam falls on a spot there, on that day at that moment, it proves that the building is as erect as on the day it was finished; if it had tilted ever so little to the one side or the other, that long ray of light would have proved it, for then it could not have fallen exactly on the right spot.

There is a grand lesson for us all in this. There is only one way by which we can prove what is pleasing to the Lord rather than to ourselves, and that is by testing it with God's own light. Without this the foundations may be giving way slowly but surely, yet there may be nothing to show it till the crash and fall have come. It has been so with very many—men and women, boys and girls. They have not meant to do wrong perhaps, yet have been led to do strange things, and sometimes their consciences have been very uneasy and troubled about it all, but their companions have assured them it was all right—other people did the same—and have laughed at their fears. So they have gone on and on, the foundations yielding—their peace and character being destroyed—and all for why? Because they would not test what they were doing by the light of the Lord. Their Bible was never opened, their knees were never bent in prayer, they never stopped to ask, 'Will this please Jesus Christ, or fill his heart with sorrow?' The foundations were giving way, but they did not know it for want of testing their lives by the light of the Lord.

Let yours be the better, truer, stronger way. Whenever you are afraid to read your Bible, afraid to pray, or afraid to hear about Jesus, then be certain there is something wrong somewhere. Only as we are willing to let God's light fall on our hearts can we know whether we are building rightly or wrongly, for time and eternity. Whenever you are in doubt then as to whether a thing is good or bad, simply ask the question—Will it please or displease Jesus? The light will then come, and where that light falls conscience tells us at once whether we are right or wrong. As we act then, so are we in peace or danger. 'Then Jesus said unto them, Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you. While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light.'—'Home Words.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN PHILIPPIANS.

Mar. 24, Sun.—That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection.

Mar. 25, Mon.—I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which I am also apprehended of Christ Jesus.

Mar. 26, Tues.—This one thing I do.

Mar. 27, Wed.—Press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Mar. 28, Thur.—Stand fast in the Lord.

Mar. 29, Fri.—Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice.

Mar. 30, Sat.—My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

Generous Offers.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal:

I see by the 'Northern Messenger' of Jan. 4, that you will take charge of subscriptions to the India Famine Orphanage Work, so I herein enclose an express money order for seven dollars and fifty cents, ($7.50).

We will endeavor to provide support for one India famine orphan and will remit half-yearly at the rate of $15.00 for one year, for support. It is our understanding the care thus provided will include food, clothing, shelter, and instruction by proper teachers. It is our wish that the orphan be a girl and situated in an orphanage under the care of a missionary of the Methodist denomination.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY,
South Durham, Que.
Per Mrs. Edwin Wakefield, Sec.
Jan. 14, 1901.

Coleman, Jan. 15, 1901.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal:

Dear Sirs,—Our little Sunday-school, (Jubilee Sunday-school), would like to support one of the Indian famine orphans for a year, if it can be done with $15.00. I see by the 'Northern Messenger' of Jan. 4, that you have kindly offered to take charge of such subscriptions and to forward the money. We are very glad indeed to send it through you. We expect hereafter to send the contributions quarterly and should like them devoted to the work of Pundita Ramabai.

We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school for some time and like it very much. According to a plan suggested in one of the numbers some time ago, we have set apart the collections of the first Sunday in each month for missionary purposes. Our Sunday-school is not very large and is held in a country school-house, but last year we had between eleven and twelve dollars for missionary money. This year we hope to make it fifteen dollars. Our Sunday-school year begins with the first Sunday in July, as the Sunday-school was started on Jubilee Sunday, 1897.

We have now five dollars on hand which you will please find enclosed, as the first contribution towards the support of our Indian orphan.

May you be greatly blessed for your kindly interest in the various needy fields.

Sincerely yours,
(MISS) JOSEPHINE STECKELY.

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is from the 'Weekly Witness' of March 12:—

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated—	
M. H. P.	$2.00
H. M. B.	5.00
Christmas, 1900	1.00
J.R., Ingersoll, Ont.	4.00
Mrs. A. McMillan	2.00
Junior Endeavor Society of Westmount Methodist Church	7.30
Kirk Hill (Ont.) Literary Society	8.40
Mrs. Rice	1.00
A Friend, Otterburne	2.00
Readey Sisters	2.00
New Resolutions	1.00
Margaret Brackett	2.00
Edward Fee	15.00
C. E. Society, South Durham, Que.	7.50
Alex. Muir	2.62
E. Ridley	3.00
W.	10.00
Mrs. J. McCulloch	1.00
D.	.15
Margaret McClive	10.00
Eliza Adams	1.00
By error in addition	.10
	$88.07
Less amount acknowledged twice	4.75
	$83.32

Which has been divided in proportion to the designated amounts received as follows:—

To Canadian Presby. Missions	$29.51
To Christian Alliance Missions	34.42
To American Board of Missions	6.58
To Methodist Episcopal Missions	2.74
To Southern India Famine Fund, for Mr. G. S. Eddy	8.24
To Church Missionary Society	1.83
	$83.32

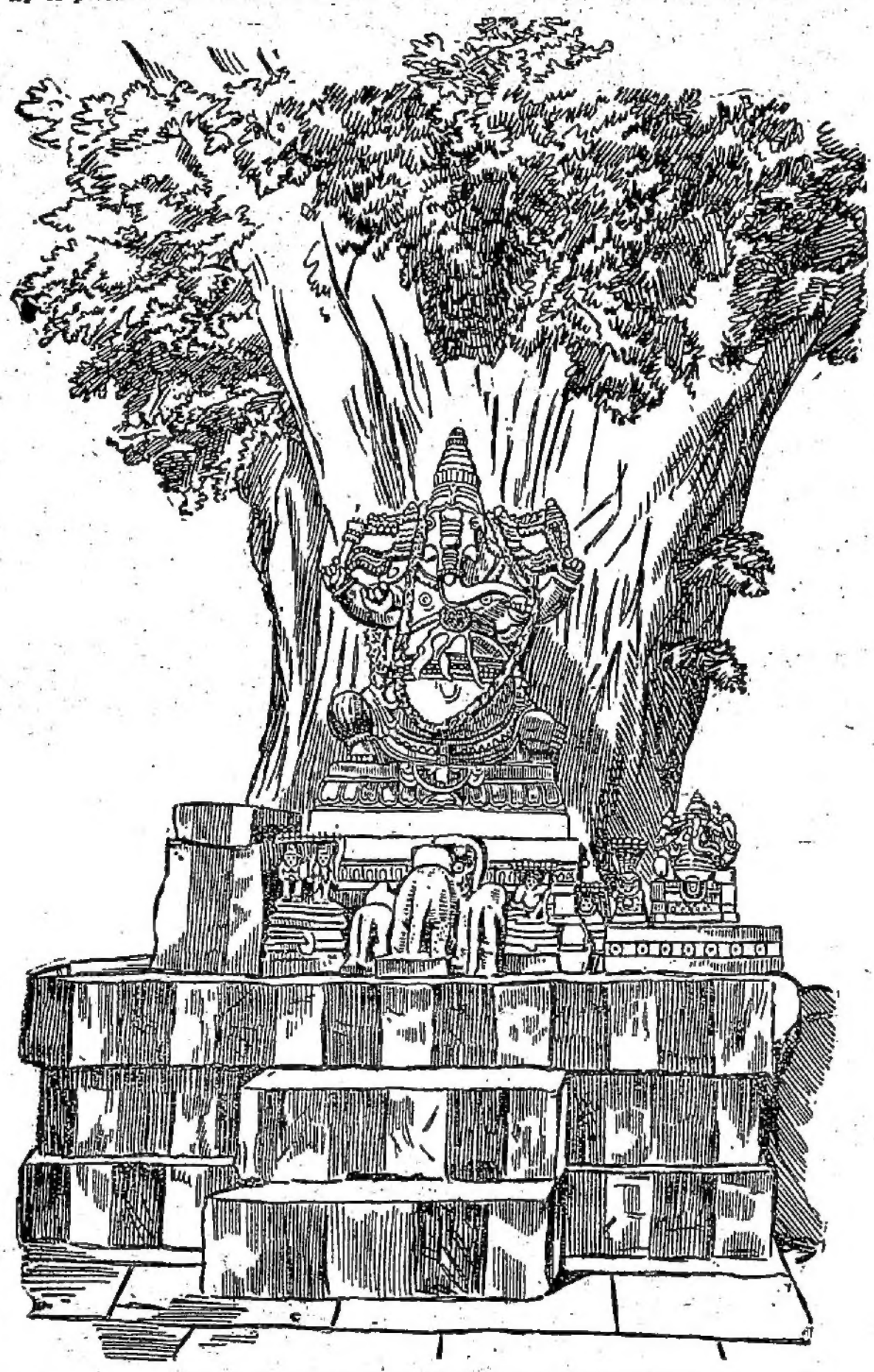
Don't forget that your pupils are the men and women of to-morrow—that they are essentially what they are made, either by precept or example—that to primary pupils example is of more value than precept.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Locomotion in India

(By Florence Penn-Forman, in 'Christian Work.')

Elephants are not only used in travelling, and in war, but they are worshipped in India, and Ganesh, the elephant god, is among the most honored of them all. The missionaries have much to overcome in attempting to do away with this worship among the common people. Like the Apostle Paul at Athens, they find the easiest way the best, as a general thing, and without combating the idea of worship directly, try to persuade and teach the natives that they are 'too superstitious,' which means, both in the Greek and in the Indian languages, that they are too religious, and not sufficiently discriminating in their worship. They try to convince these people that they are able to declare to them the God 'whom they ignorantly worship' under the forms of animals and men.



GANESH, THE ELEPHANT GOD OF INDIA.

In riding, the native ladies make general use of a cart or small tent-like carriage covered over with heavy pink or red cotton stuff, which extends in full curtains all around the door, opening at the side as in the illustration given herewith. These are usually drawn by small, white bullocks, though they are sometimes carried on the shoulders of servants, and when a journey on the train is undertaken, the ceremony of the lady's transshipment is only limited by the rank and riches of her lord. The dusky beauty sometimes rides in the open air, with a canopy over her, supported by four posts something after the manner of our old-fashioned canopy beds, with a eunuch seated in front to direct the oxen. Her arrival also is often heralded by a procession of servants carrying huge sheets. These are arranged by the advance guard, and supported on poles from the outside to form a screen ten feet high, extending from the compartment door and encircling the covered litter or cart, as the case may be, from which the questionably fair occupant emerges and retires to the shuttered compartment with her women, and perhaps an eunuch, who directs the ceremony with great unction, while the rajah or princeling parades the platform, resplendent in gold-embroidered garments, watch chain of huge diamonds, gems galore, and side-elastic boots.

The Indian has always been a great lover of pilgrimages, and the opportunity for securing a cheap trip, the possibility of unlimited chatter—coincident with a reputation for piety—is an irresistible combination. It is no uncommon thing for penniless, decrepit Hindus to start off on a pilgrimage to Benares with absolutely nothing, trusting to the good nature of the officials to pass them along to the desired destination.

The supreme trial of the tourist in India is the food supply—or, rather, lack of food supply—which he encounters who has no friends along the line 'to put him up.' While a guest upon several occasions, I was astonished at the delightfully cooked and served meals, especially after witnessing the 'modus operandi' of the native cook. Everything was as dainty and appetizing as the most exacting could require, but the hotels and station refreshment rooms are administered by irresponsible Indians, who, despising the carnivorous globe trotter, furnish him a weird menu of seeming variety, but resolving itself into a wearisome succession of goat masquerading as lamb.

Bearing in mind the injunctions of the knowing ones, we remembered that the water is always poisonous, the horrid blue-white butter is bristling with typhus, the milk reeking with typhoid germs, the melons warranted to furnish a vigorous cholera in twenty-four hours, and the eggs of doubtful antiquity. As this constitutes the regular tourist diet, it is not astonishing that we soon confined ourselves largely to the consumption of the indigenous rice and delicious guava jelly.

The typical vehicle of many districts is the 'rickshaw,' and the rickshaw coolie is a type unto himself. Arriving at Aboo Road, one sultry morning, about nine o'clock—the archangel having been wired to procure us rickshaws for the ascent up Mount Aboo—we breakfasted, and secured a supply of hard-boiled eggs for consumption during the six-hour toil up the mountain, on the summit of which is the headquarters of the Rajpootana administration. It is also a sanitarium for European troops, but the great attraction of Mount Aboo is the Dilwarra Temples, that for delicacy of carving and beauty of detail stand unrivalled among the famous Jain temples of India. They are built of white marble, which is remarkable from the fact that there are no quarries from which the material can be obtained nearer than three hundred miles; the feat of dragging it across the plain and up 5,000 feet to the summit is an accomplishment worthy of old Egypt.

The ascent is sixteen miles, and can be made in jhampans or on ponies, but the rickshaw is the general mode of conveyance here. For the first four miles the road runs along the arid, sandy valley, where vegetation is represented by a few dusty trees near the station, which soon give place to short scrubs and abortive tufts of desert weed. The dust on the highway lies fully six inches deep, so that the occupant of the third rickshaw sees the landscape through a veil ploughed up by the tramp of forty-four feet. The heat waves quiver from the dazzling plain; on the horizon lie the purplish pink mountains against the blazing, blue sky, while nearer, the crest of Mount Aboo is brilliant with verdure.

During the ascent three halts are made of between five to ten minutes each, and while we are busily engaged in removing a

few layers of dust from our persons, the coolies squat in a circle, passing from hand to mouth one little stemless pipe, filled with a mixture of tobacco and 'bhang,' a sort of hasheesh. One or two whiffs of this enticing compound is inhaled through a dirty, wet rag, attached to the base of the bowl. They keep up a constant chatter the while, and then resume their burdens seemingly refreshed.

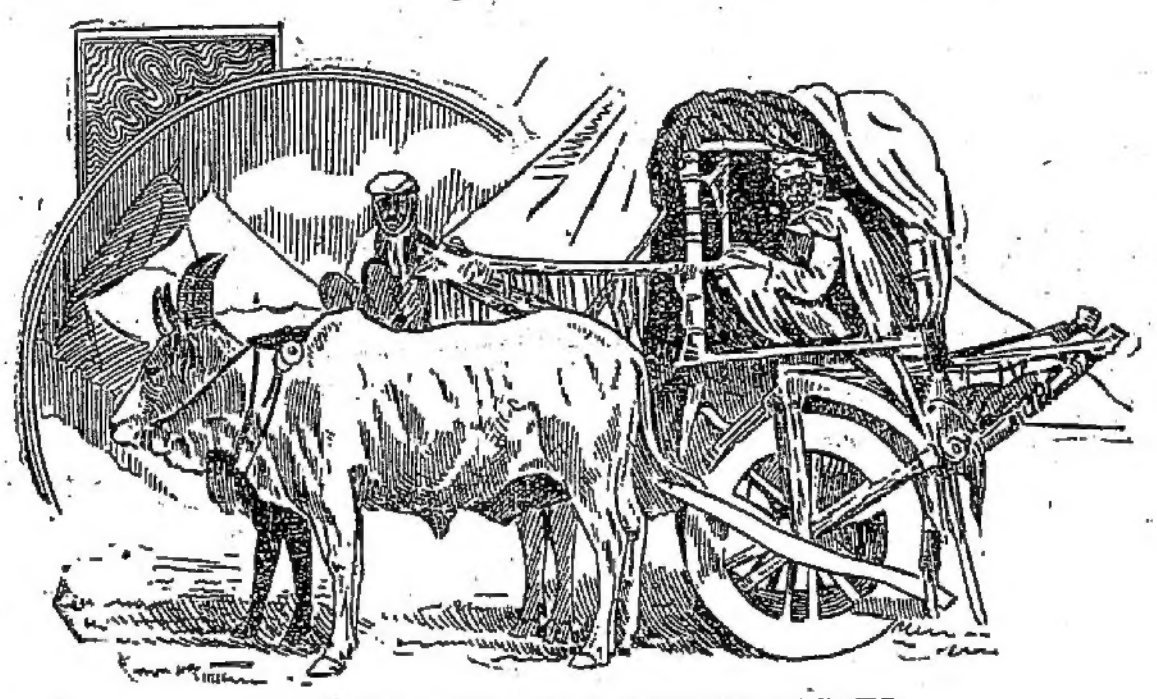
For our frugal luncheon we halted by a native encampment, where bottled soda water is retailed to the dust-choked traveller. Here, under the shade of banyan trees and giant bamboos, we lazily watched the long trains of loaded camels pass down the mountain, and rebuffed the irrepressible attentions of the family sheep and goats, who insisted upon sharing our meal. We also succumbed to the seductive petitions of well-trained youngsters, fat as butter, whose speechless, outstretched hands and 'insouciant' eyes seldom failed to secure the coveted mite. But in satisfying a conscientious scruple against encouraging beggars, I find myself the owner of a large collection of photographs of children in the natural bronze, who were made to pose for their pennies.

We finally reached the comfortable little hotel of the settlement, and after a couple of days upon the delightfully cool summit, we found ourselves descending by the same means. The slowness of the upward journey was balanced by the speed of the descent. The coolies started at a steady trot, which at the first steep decline developed into a canter, and then broke into a full gallop, dashing down the mountain on the zigzag, unguarded roads, hanging over four thousand feet of nowhere, turning the ever-recurring corners at full speed—when one false step or stumble would have landed us in eternity—and this with the accompanying shouts and laughter that made the hills resound.

Where the native princes reign, elephants are still a favorite mode of locomotion. At Hyderabad, the Nizam provides elephants, with gorgeous trappings, for guests or accredited strangers to view his capital; and at Jeypoor the Maharajah sends his elephants to meet and conduct part of the way those who have obtained a permit, through the Resident, to go over the Amber Palace. Scrambling up the ladder to a seat on the howdah as the elephant kneels, the successive upheavals fore and aft are simple matters, but the wobbling amble from side to side for a couple of miles, as we climb the steep hill in the broiling sun, is a sensation unparalleled in the horrors of 'mal de mer,' and a second experience is seldom yearned for.

ORDINARY WAGGONS IN USE IN INDIA.

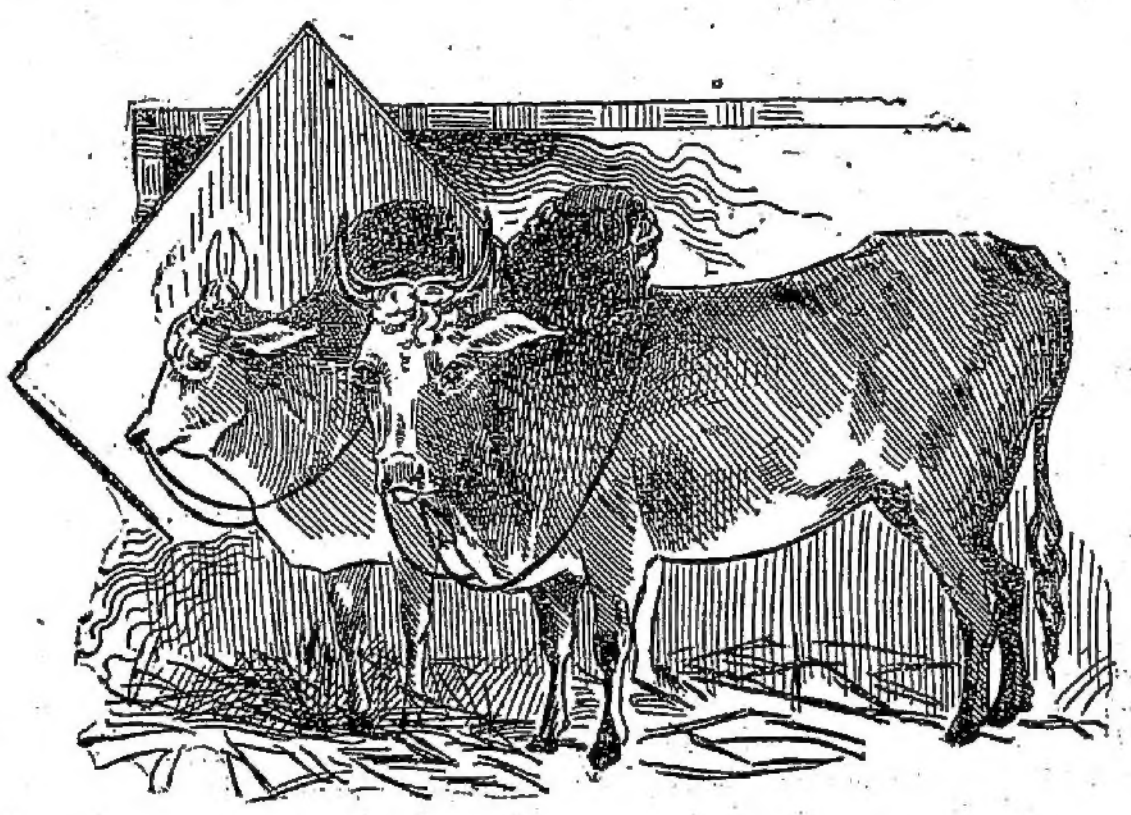
We once found ourselves stranded for several hours at a small junction in the extreme southern provinces. Having exhaustively fathomed the attractions of the station, and finding that the town boasted only one carriage, and that a private one, we embraced the long-desired opportunity and sent for a native ox cart; not that there was anything to see in the place, but four mortal hours had to be bridged somehow, and the local vehicle had always been accounted one of the things 'to be done.' The man of our party clambered over the shafts and took a seat beside the boy driver. I scrambled in from the rear and crawled along the seatless floor covered with grass, only to find that to sit upright, with my feet tucked under me, I had to remove my hat, and even then my head scraped the matting cover, which rounded over the vehicle like an old-fashioned poke bonnet.



INDIAN CART FOR NATIVE LADIES.

The horses in India are fine specimens of equine superiority, and the stables of the rajahs and princes form one of the sights of the country. In the Bhendi Bazaar, of Bombay, there is a splendid Arab horse market, where are to be seen some of the finest horses in the East, brought there for sale by the picturesque Arabs themselves. The horses for saddle or carriage use are nearly all Arab stallions, and are, if properly broken, as gentle and tractable as any park hack.

The native princes revel in fine stables, that of the Maharajah of Jeypoor being a fair sample. He has numberless carriages, old and new, over three hundred horses, fifty elephants for fighting, riding and hunting, besides cheteahs and hunting leopards. The Afghans bring a good many horses into India, and at the local fairs in the north-west provinces they add not a little to the picturesqueness of the scene.



THE SACRED COW OF INDIA.

An Epworth Leaguer's Vacation.

(By Mary E. Sherwood, in 'Onward.')

'Well, what do you say, wife, is it to be yes or no? The answer should go to-day; and we have no reason to put them off.' So saying, Farmer Clegg leaned back in his chair apparently well satisfied with the dinner he had just eaten.

'Well, I don't know what to say about letting those city folks come here to board for the summer,' was the answer. 'It will make no end of work, and I suppose, as we will have the greater share of the work, the girls and I ought to decide the question.'

'Oh, let them come,' said both Nettie and Jean together, and Nettie added, 'We don't mind the work, if only we can please them. I do hope they won't be "stuck up." I like fresh faces, and I hope they will let us be kind to them.'

'If you want my advice, though you don't ask for it, I would say not to let them come here with their city airs, looking down on us, and at the same time expecting us to wait on them hand and foot.' This last came from Tom, who, as he spoke, rose from the table, showing himself to be a tall, fine-looking fellow of about twenty-one. His contact with city folks had evidently not been of the pleasantest, judging from his talk.

'Oh, come now, Tom,' said Jean, 'you don't mean all that. If you don't like them you can keep out of their road.'

'Well, wife, decide quickly. I'll go and hitch up and take the letter down to the post-office.'

'Very well,' was the answer, 'seeing the girls are willing, though I am sorry Tom sees it in such an ill light, we will let the two girls come here for the summer months. We will try and look after their comfort. They will have to look after their own pleasure.'

'All right, wife, it won't hurt us for one summer. Nettie, get the letter ready, that's a girl. I'll go and hitch up.'

The farm of 'Squire Clegg,' as he was known for miles around, was one of the finest in that section of the country. Just now it presented a beautiful sight. As far as the eye could see was greeted with green fields and leafy trees. A broad river ran through the farm, and the large evergreen trees which grew on its banks suggested pleasant retreats on warm summer days. No wonder Mr. Bond had selected it as the summer home for his two daughters, when business summoned him for three months to England. He had had occasion to call on Squire Clegg on business the year before, and was much taken with the place. When suddenly summoned to England, his pleasant visit to 'Sunnyside' the year before decided him to ask permission to place his daughters there during his absence. He would have liked to take them to England with him, but the delicate health of the younger prevented him from doing what he thought would be too much for her strength. The arrival of a letter from Squire Clegg, stating that they would be pleased to have the girls come for the summer, delighted him, and set his mind very much at ease.

After the despatch of Nettie's letter all was bustle in the Clegg household. To be sure, it was only late in June, and the semi-annual house-cleaning had taken place in May, but the house had to undergo a fresh inspection. Tom growled at the extra work that was occasioned, saying that before summer was over they would all be worn out. But no one heeded him; they were too busy preparing, as Tom said, 'enough eatables for a whole regiment.'

However, the eventful day at last arrives, and Nettie, as she takes a last look at the rooms allotted to the girls, hopes they will not be disappointed or expect grander surroundings. 'Oh, I hope they will be nice,' she adds as she closes the door. 'I am tired of this humdrum life. I am glad we are going to have a change, something to wake us up.'

Do not think, my readers, that Nettie is discontented with her daily life, for, as her mother would fondly tell you, 'She is a good daughter, and though she does pine for new scenes and new faces, I never hear her complain of the dullness of her life.'

The arrival of the guests and their pleasant greeting soon set every one at their ease. Nettie and Jean were grieved to find Nellie, the younger one, so pale and delicate, and at their mother's suggestion she was at once taken upstairs and told to rest on the old-fashioned couch by the window. From here she could catch a glimpse of the garden and, farther off, of the shining surface of the river.

Clara was a striking contrast to her sister, for she appeared the very picture of health. Her delight over the supper—but shall I describe one of our country suppers? Snowy bread and light, flaky biscuits, golden butter, broiled ham and chickens, ripe, red strawberries, with real cream to eat them with, to say nothing of tea and coffee such as one seldom gets. Even Nellie was persuaded to eat the best meal, as Clara said, that she had eaten for weeks. Her pale cheeks grew quite rosy as she told of the beautiful view she had seen from the window while she rested. Even Tom, who had put in an appearance at supper time, was won over by her smiles, and he went so far as to promise her a row on the river as soon as she was rested.

The first week passed swiftly away. The girls were delighted with the picturesque scenery as well as with the kindness of all in the house. Accustomed all their lives to the confinement of city life, the free country life took their fancy, and was attested to by the many hours they spent out of doors.

Sunday morning, their first Sunday in the country, dawned bright and clear. The country church was situated on a corner of Squire Clegg's farm, so all were able to walk. Even Nellie, who had not attended church for weeks, declared herself able to go. They both enjoyed the service very much, for they both were true Christian girls.

Coming home Clara went on with Nettie, while Nellie followed more leisurely with Jean. The girls' conversation naturally turned upon church matters.

'I did not hear your pastor, or our pastor, I should say, announce for an Epworth League meeting this week, Nettie,' said Clara.

'Epworth League, what's that?' asked Nettie in surprise.

'Why, Nettie,' answered Clara, 'did you never hear of the Epworth League?'

'Well, now,' said Nettie, 'I believe I have seen that name in some of our church papers, but I never took much notice of it. Tell me about it, will you?'

'It would take me a long time to explain it,' was the pleasant rejoinder. 'Suppose this afternoon we four go down to the river's bank and sit under the trees, and I will tell you all about it.'

'That will be fine,' said Nettie, and she hurried in to prepare the dinner, saying softly to herself, 'Oh, I am so glad we let her come.'

Dinner over, armed with shawls and pillows for the comfort of Nellie, they all set out for the riverside. Nellie had suggested inviting Tom, and he was easily persuaded to join the party.

So, under the trees that afternoon the story of the Epworth League was clearly explained. Its origin, its growth, its progress were clearly set forth by Clara, who proved herself to be a good supporter of the cause. Questions and answers flowed freely.

'How nice it would be if we could have an Epworth League here in connection with our church,' said Nellie. 'We have no young people's meeting. I do not see why we cannot have a League like you describe here.'

'So you can with a little work,' said Clara. 'Judging from the number of young people whom I saw at church this morning you ought to have a good many members.'

'Will you help us organize one while you are here, Miss Bond?' said practical Tom.

'Certainly I will,' answered Clara, 'but we will have to ask permission of our pastor first, and if he is agreeable, we will then need to send away for pledge cards and constitutions.'

'The first difficulty is soon overcome, then,' said Tom. 'I heard the minister tell father he would be in to supper on his way back to service this evening. I declare that looks like him now turning in at the gate.'

All eyes were turned in the direction indicated, and Tom's surmise proved to be correct. Nettie proposed going to the house to talk the matter over with him.

'Have I ever heard of an Epworth League? Is that what you say, Miss Nettie?' said Mr. Barton to her eager question. 'Why, yes, I have. At our last appointment, a year ago, we had a flourishing Epworth League Society. I have been thinking lately of starting one here. What do you all think?'

'Miss Bond has been telling us all about the Epworth League,' said Nettie. 'We all think we ought to have one here. I think it will give us some work to do in the church.'

'You are right there, Miss Nettie,' said Mr. Barton, 'you cannot have a good society unless you are willing to work. If you will give us your assistance, Miss Bond, while you are here, I will announce to-night for a meeting of all the young people in the church for next Friday evening. That will give us plenty of time to get supplies here.'

When the girls had gone off to attend to their evening duties, Mr. Barton had a long talk with Clara on Epworth League work. He found she could give him much useful information on the method of conducting meetings. He judged her to be a very superior girl, one who would be willing to lend a hand in helping on the Master's work wherever she might be placed. He judged her to be a true Epworth Leaguer, in that she did not rest in the Master's work while enjoying a vacation. Her presence at Squire Clegg's farm had been the means of starting an Epworth League which would in all probability change the social life of the young people especially.

The meeting was announced and proved a success, both in numbers and enthusiasm. Some had heard of an Epworth League, others had not. Forty-eight names were

enrolled. Much to Nettie's surprise and dismay she was elected president. A nod from Clara and a whispered 'I'll help you,' reassured her. Other officers were elected, Tom being secretary. Tuesday evening was decided upon as the League meeting night.

Need I prolong the story of this particular Epworth League Society? Suffice to say, it took a strong hold upon the young people's hearts, and became a powerful agent for good in that community. League work became the general topic of conversation, and crowded out less elevating subjects. Nettie was strengthened and helped by Clara's wise advice.

Autumn had come, and still the girls lingered at the farm. The country life had proved beneficial to Nellie; she looked much better, though she never would be strong. Clara was pleased with the change, thinking how delighted her father would be Nettie was glad that their stay was prolonged. She dreaded the day when they would go. Clara had been such a help to her, she had found her special work to do in building up a strong society. Many times she thanked Clara for help and sympathy, and Clara one day said:

'Would you like to know the secret of my life?'

'Yes, indeed I would,' answered Nettie.

'Well, it is this. Take it as your own, and pass it on:—

'"Taking Christ as my example,
By the Spirit's power,
I will do my Father's will
Every hour.

'"Living Christ in word and deed,
I will try to bring
Others to the joy of serving
Christ my King."'

The Tangled Skein.

(By Annie D. Bliss.)

After the struggles of daylight
There's a truce at the eventide;
Wearied with care and with labor,
My knitting I laid aside.

Dulled by the deepening shadows—
My dim eyes could hardly see,
Lying in 'wildering tangle,
The half-wound skein on my knee.

Snarl within snarl intertwining
I gave up the winding as vain.
So with life's serious problems,
Baffled again and again,

As in the skein I had handled,
I never could find the clue:
More and more sadly entangled
My plans and purposes grew.

Idly I sat in the gloaming
And, resting my eyes afar,
Watched on the darkening horizon
The gleam of the evening star.

Anxiously, prayerfully gazing
The gathering tears fell free;
Listen! the star speaks for Jesus:
'Give the tangled skein to me.'

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers.
Montreal, Canada.

At the Hospital.

(By Harriet Francene Crocker, in 'Union Signal.')

'I wouldn't go to-day, daughter,' said Mrs. Wayne, 'it's cold and disagreeable, and your wrap is hardly warm enough,' and she sighed as she looked out into the chilly, wind-swept street.

Ruby turned from the little mirror to get her hat. 'Now, mamsie,' she laughed, 'don't you say a word. Think of those poor sufferers up there just pining for the sound of my voice. Poor things; would you be willing to disappoint them so terribly, mamsie?'

Mrs. Wayne said nothing and the girl went on in a graver tone. 'I'm going to take you up there with me next Sunday if it's pleasant. You don't know what a real treat it is for me to sing for those people, especially for the children. Oh, mamsie, those little faces, pale and pinched and older than they ought to be! There's one little fellow I just love; a dear, round-faced Irish boy with the reddest hair. He had a dreadful accident two weeks ago and the doctors gave up hope of saving his leg and yesterday they amputated it. Poor little man, I know just how he's bearing it, brave and patient, and ever cheerful. And he does love to hear Miss Ruby sing—so the nurse says—and that's one reason why I must go to-day. I've got to sing my prettiest for Dannie.'

Mrs. Wayne's blue eyes softened with tears of sympathy. 'Bless your heart,' she said, 'go and sing for the poor things. I only wish, Ruby, we were not so poor that we can never think of such a luxury as flowers for the hospital. If I were only rich what wouldn't I do?' and the frail little woman sighed again.

'You couldn't have a kinder heart in you, mamsie, if you were able to give tons of flowers,' said Ruby. 'Now I'm off—will be back as early as possible,' and like a swift-winged bird she was off and flitting down the stairs.

It was a long walk up to the big hospital, which was perched upon a breezy hill, and Ruby felt in her little purse for a nickel. The nickel was there, but Ruby let it remain.

While Ruby Wayne is climbing the long hill to the hospital let us glance at her life. Reared in a lovely home, an only child, every advantage had been hers. Her one talent, her voice, had received the best training. It was not a wonderful voice at all, just a sweet, strong soprano with tender notes and cadences in it which always touched the heart.

Two years ago the father had suddenly died, leaving his affairs in such a tangled shape that very little was left for Mrs. Wayne, and she found it necessary to take cheap rooms and advertise for sewing. Sixteen-year-old Ruby left school with many a pang, giving up forever her dream of college life, and after wearisome days of searching found work as typewriter in a dingy downtown office. Fortunately she had taken up the study of typewriting more as a diversion than anything else, and had been of great help to her father in his business afterward. Now this accomplishment came into practical use. It was hard, but Ruby never complained. In fact, she acted, as her friends said, as though that was the luckiest thing which could have befallen her—getting that position as typewriter at twenty-seven dollars a month.

Ruby, serene, strong, self-reliant, pursued the even tenor of her way, noticing calmly that one by one, her well-to-do friends dropped away from her; but, strange to say, she did not care. 'Mamsie' and the little three-roomed home seemed all she had time for outside her work, except the hospital. In the years of prosperity she had drifted into the habit of going there to sing each Sunday afternoon. At first she had gone with other girls as a sort of novelty, carrying flowers and talking a little to the children. Once she had yielded to the girls and sung for the little patients in the children's ward, and since that time scarcely a Sunday had passed without her sweet voice ringing through the hospital wards. The resident physician and the nurses had grown to consider her as almost a part of the hospital force, and though the other girls had given up the visiting long ago, Ruby, for pure love of it, kept on.

The girl climbed the terrace and entered the wide corridor, breathless and pink-cheeked with the exercise. The winds had buffeted her as she climbed the long hill, and the thrilling vitality of the outdoor air was in her every movement, and she sang that afternoon like the very spirit of spring. Outside in the broad green country the willows were uncurling their silvery-soft 'pussies' in the March wind, and early violets were opening in sheltered places. A yellow daffodil shone against her dark dress and the flush and glow of spring was in her face. She had brought a song from home which breathed of things dear to the country-bred. As she sang the pretty thing, one could fancy trickling streams, broad sunny rivers, plumy ferns and delightful footpaths through the woods. Wan faces lightened and brightened as she sang. Little crippled children sat up in bed and stared at her, and Ruby, whenever she caught their glances, smiled at them as she sang. Little Dannie, white as marble, lay on his pillow with closed eyes but wearing a smile of peace, listened to every word. The house doctor sat in the background listening, and the nurses lingered near. Then after Ruby's song was ended childish voices piped forth from little beds a request for this or that song and Ruby sang them all—the dear, old, familiar ones in the 'Gospel Hymns' which everyone knows and children always love.

Ruby, accompanied by one of the nurses, went downstairs to the big corridor. How happy she was! The nurse's arm was around her and she was telling the girl how like a ray of sunshine her coming always was—how it brightened and lightened the monotonous routine of the week for them, and how the children asked every day if it wasn't 'most Sunday when Miss Ruby comes.' The little typewriter's heart was full of joy and peace. This was living—this was being! How different it was from the butterfly life she had led in other days.

A white-capped nurse came down the stairs after them. 'Miss Ruby,' she said, 'there's one of the patients asking to see you. It's that man who broke his arm in the street car accident yesterday. He's a stranger in the city—hasn't any friends—and he's seemed to have taken a fancy to your voice and wants to see you.'

Ruby went back upstairs willingly enough. Such calls were not rare. Often she had been asked to come to certain cots and sit a while with the patients. They seemed loath to let her girlish brightness vanish from their sight.

Ruby and the nurse sat down beside the cot in the hospital's accident ward. As Ruby looked at the man a startled thought flashed through her mind that his face was

strangely familiar. Who was it? Whom did he resemble? And then she knew that, as much as a man can look like a woman, this man before her with the bandaged arm looked like her own dear 'mamsie.'

'It was not your voice which made me call you back,' said Uncle Robert, a little later, 'though that is as sweet as a bobolink's—it was your mother's eyes—a certain trick of expression or something which recalled your mother to my mind. And in this blessed way, after all these years, I have really found my twin sister at last.'

A few days later the injured man was removed from the hospital on the hill to the little three-roomed house on a quiet street, and Mrs. Wayne, with heart full of happiness and hands of sisterly gentleness, acted as nurse to her only brother, and saw, as in a dream, all her care and poverty fall away from her life. Uncle Robert was not rich, but moderately well-to-do, enough so, at least, to make the college dream an actual possibility to Ruby, and to smooth her mother's life as neither of them had ever dared to hope.

Ruby has a home of her own now, but each Sunday afternoon she goes to the hospital with her tall, earnest-faced husband and a tiny, blue-eyed girl—and how she sings! More sweetly, more tenderly, more sympathetically than ever, for new joys have shaped her life into ripe completeness.

How it Came About.

It started with Tom's saying that he liked popcorn. Harry said he liked it, too. John said that he liked it better than most anything else.

Miss Trueman sat and thought for a moment. She had finished teaching her Sunday-school class for that day. Very shortly the superintendent's bell would ring and school would close. She had only a minute for thinking. Then she proposed something new.

'Wouldn't you all like to come to my house next Friday evening for an hour, to play games and pop some corn?'

'Yes'm, Yes'm, Yes'm!' came in unison from the seven boys on the settees before her. It was astonishing how quickly they heard that proposition. Even though Jimmie was showing a picture to Richard and Philip was whispering to Robert, somehow they all heard and all replied at once.

Miss Trueman couldn't help thinking that it would be nice if they would all answer in that way when she asked them some question about the lesson. However, she was glad that they liked her plan.

They proved that it met with their favor, for when Friday evening came there was rather a loud ring at the front door, and the opening of the door revealed seven very boyish boys standing near it.

Like the Ruggleses in the 'Bird's Christmas Carol,' they all tried to be polite, but Harry, perhaps, by mistake, managed to step on Jimmie's toe as they passed into the entrance hall. There was a smothered 'Oh!' from Jimmie and a quick blush on his face as well as on Harry's, but, of course, Miss Trueman didn't see these things. She had learned the art of over-looking.

'Come right in,' was her welcome, 'I'm very glad to see you. I have a famous fire in the fire-place in the sitting-room. It's exactly right for popping, and here's the popper all ready for you. Who'll begin?' Tom began. He always began whether fun or work was in prospect. Some boys are born to be leaders.

Everyone knows that it is simply wonderful how much the average boy can eat when he tries. Miss Trueman thought that evening that the boys tried. Anyhow the pop-corn disappeared and so did a number of rosy apples.

After these had been disposed of there was still a short time left for games. Richard proposed 'Going to Jerusalem.' He was at once appointed to play the piano, he being musical, while others marched around five chairs, all scrambling for seats whenever the music stopped short, and one of them being, naturally, always left out in the cold. Their marching was accompanied by a dirge-like chorus, 'Going to Jerusalem,' 'Going to Jerusalem.'

The boys thought it great fun. They were not tired of it when the big clock in the hall struck eight and they were thus warned that the time for which their invitation extended had expired.

'No matter,' Tom announced, 'I'm going to ask my mother if you can't all come to my house next week and play something else. She knows how to think of things, my mother does.' 'Do you want Miss Trueman, too?' this from Philip. 'Of course I do, if I ask anybody. Isn't she the head of the thing?'

The boys said 'Good evening,' very politely. Once outside the house they gave three rousing cheers for Miss Trueman. She heard them and felt that the hour had been well spent.

The following morning Tom extended his invitation for the next Friday to the other boys and also to his teacher. He positively couldn't wait any longer than that, for hadn't his mother thought of several capital things to go, and hadn't she promised to make ole cooks? Do you know what they are? They are fried cakes, shaped round, and they always have raisins in them. They are warranted to please every boy who tastes them.

On Sunday Miss Trueman had a most attentive class. Within a week the boys had taken a long stride in making the acquaintance of their teacher.

Friday evening found them one and all at Tom's house. Pencil games entered largely into the programme of entertainment. One of these they called 'Wriggles.' Miss Trueman was requested to make a mark of any shape she might choose upon a sheet of paper and then copy it upon eight other pieces, for Tom's mother was playing and each one needed a separate sheet of paper.

The mark that Miss Trueman made was very black. Each player used it as the starting point of a picture whatever his imagination could devise and his pencil portray. The boys exchanged pictures and then displayed them. Some were very funny and some quite artistic. The boys enjoyed the game, as they said, 'immensely.'

Just before the close of the hour Tom's mother read one or two interesting items from the evening newspaper and there followed a short chat about 'current events.' 'I like this sort of thing,' Tom exclaimed, not exactly defining what sort of thing he liked, 'I move we keep it up. Everybody in favor say "Aye."' Everyone seemed to understand and approve the motion. It was agreed that there should be a weekly meeting of the class and that if the mothers were willing the boys should meet at their several homes, in turn. The mothers proved to be willing and the result was that Miss Trueman's class had a very happy winter. They came to know each other and their teacher better, and so there was more sympathy between them.

When Philip was laid up for four weeks with a sprained ankle all the meetings were held at his father's house, and the four evenings given to them were the bright spots in that tedious time. While he was keeping quiet he thought out a plan for helping some other boy who might be housed like himself and, unlike him, be homeless. This plan was duly laid before the class.

It was nothing more nor less than that they should save what money they could through the winter for the benefit of a child in the children's hospital. The sum they raised was not large, but it went to brighten a shadowed life, and so considered it was inestimable. When spring came the boys felt they had received more through their meeting together than they had given, and Miss Trueman felt that in coming to know her class thoroughly she had gained most attentive scholars.—Mary J. Porter, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

Straws,

'Why didn't you keep that boy?' asked one merchant of another, referring to a boy who had applied for a position in his office.

'I tried him, but he wrote all morning with a hair on his pen. I don't want a boy who hasn't sufficient gumption to remove a hair from a pen.'

'That was a very slight reason for which to condemn a lad.'

'Pardon me, but I think it is a very sufficient reason. There was a hair on the pen when he began to write, for I put it there to test him. I am satisfied that I read his character from that one thing.'

'I didn't keep her because her finger nails would turn her down anywhere,' said one member of a law firm to another in response to a question about a stenographer and typewriter whom he had on trial. 'She was a competent person, I think, but her nails'—he shrugged his shoulders, and the subject was dropped.

'Oh, yes, she wrote a good letter,' said the same man, speaking of another applicant. 'There was one thing I didn't like, and that more than counterbalanced the good points in her application. I don't want a typewriter who is careless about her machine. Her letters were blurred; her machine needed cleaning. If she wasn't careful enough to clean her typewriter when writing a letter of such importance to herself, she would be sure to be slovenly in her every-day work.'

'I can't stand his voice. I'd as lief hear a buzz-saw,' said a man about a boy who applied for a position in his office.

'Tell that young woman we can't take her. She wears too many rings for us,' said an editor-in-chief to his associate, speaking of a lady who was seeking a position as sub-editor.

One might go on indefinitely quoting similar cases. Trifles, perhaps some young man or woman may call them. But in reality they are no trifles, and in the business world nothing is trifling. Even straws may serve to show which way the wind blows.—A. L. R., in 'Wellspring.'

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers.
Montreal, Canada

Edgar's 'Membery Jam.'

('Advance.')

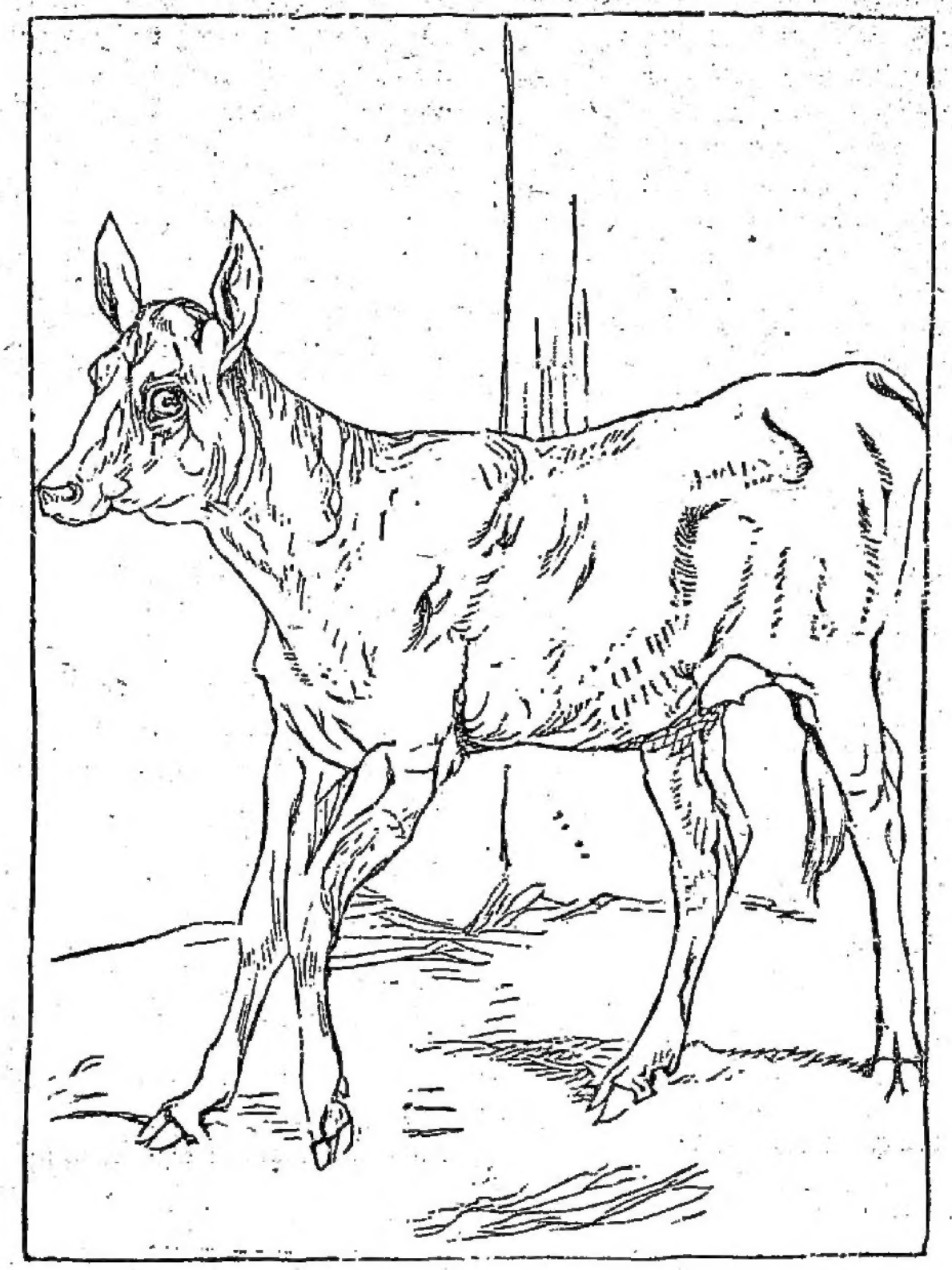
It isn't an easy thing for a lively little boy to sit still all through church time; but Edgar knew how to do it; and almost every Sunday morning he might be seen in the pew between his father and mother, sitting as quietly as though he were sixty instead of six years old. But this Sunday morning, — dear me, how he did wiggle and twist and fidget! Worse than that, he was noisy, too. With a sharp-pointed pencil he punched little holes through a scrap of paper, so that it rattled, and people wondered who could be making such a noise.

Next, he stretched out his short legs till his Sunday shoes scraped the seat in front, where sat an old gentleman in spectacles, who turned and stared hard at him, so that he felt his face get red and hot. Mamma shook her head at him; and for about a minute he sat still; then, somehow, his bright new penny rolled out of his hand and across the floor where he couldn't see it.

Down slipped Edgar after his penny, scrambling among people's feet and rumpling his hair and pretty collar in a dreadful manner. He forgot the sharp edge of the pew in front, when bump, went his curly head against it, so hard that he almost cried out aloud. How it did hurt! He wondered when church would be over. He would ask mamma. So, climbing up on the seat, he spoke in a loud whisper that could be heard in all the pews near, 'Mamma, how many more hours will it be before church lets out?'

Two young ladies across the aisle held their fans before their faces and laughed. Mamma didn't laugh. She looked very sober, and when the people stood up to sing she took Edgar by the hand and led him out of the church. Down into the Sunday-school room she took him. No one was there, it was too early for Sunday-school to begin. Edgar wondered what was going to happen. He wished he could go home.

'Sit down,' said mamma, and she gave him a pencil and some paper. 'Now write just what I tell you. First, capital I.'



DRAWING LESSON.

Edgar had been to school for six months, and could write a few easy words. Bending over his paper, he made his very best capital I.

'Now, m-u-s-t,' said mamma, and scratch went Edgar's pencil.

'I think you know how to spell "s-i-t," don't you?'

'S-i-t,' answered the sober little voice, and that word followed the others.

'S-t-i-l-l,' came next, then the little fat fingers wrote 'i-n'; and, last of all 'c-h-u-r-c-h'—Church' finished Mrs. Morse.

'Now, read what is on your paper.'

Edgar screwed up his forehead, and studied a little, then read, '"I-must-sit-still-in-church." You did not tell me a period, mamma. I'll have to put in a period.'

'Now,' said Mrs. Morse, 'those six little words say something that I want you to remember always; and so you must write them now ten times — 'I must sit still in church.' Then every day till next Sunday comes, you must write them again ten times.

'Six words, ten times, every day, for a whole week. Oh, my! It will take such a long time to do all that.'

'Yes,' replied mamma, 'it will take you a long time; but I can't have my little boy disturbing people, so that I have to bring him out of church before I hear the sermon.'

Edgar took up the pencil and worked away soberly. After a while he looked up with eyes so bright and such a sorrowful quiver in his voice that mamma knew the tears were not far away.

'Mamma, is this a punish?' he asked anxiously.

Mamma smiled down upon the little flushed face. 'No, dear, this is not "a punish." I do not think you meant to be naughty; but you forgot to be good. This writing is just to help you to remember next time to do as you should.'

'If it is something to remember, I guess it is a "membery jam," like Ruth's," said Edgar. 'Won't you let it be a "membery jam," mamma? I'd rather have it to be a membery jam than a punish.'

Now, when Edgar talked about 'a membery jam, like Ruth's,' he meant 'a memory gem.' Sister Ruth was four years older than her little brother; and in her room at school the children each morning recited some good or beautiful thought; something they had learned and would keep in their memories always. These they called 'memory gems,' Ruth said some lovely ones, which Edgar had learned too.

'Well,' said mamma, 'that will be a very good memory gem for a restless little boy. But if it is your memory gem you mustn't lose it out of your memory, you know.'

'Oh, I'll keep it for membery jam 'cause I'm so glad it isn't a punish. Anyhow, a membery jam will help me to be good better than a punish will,' said the little boy.

'It's every bit done, ten times,' he announced joyfully a little later 'Just see, mamma, ten big I's and thirty dots over the little i's, and thirty t's to cross.'

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 'membery jam' was written willingly. But on Thursday he was very sober over it, and when he brought his work to his mother, she saw a thought in his eyes.

'What is it, dear?' she asked.

'I'd like to write it another way,' he said. 'It would be nicer if it was writ another way.'

'Show me,' said mamma; and after much rubbing out and writing over, the slate was held up for mamma to see.

'I put a nicer word in,' explained Edgar. 'It's nicer membery jam now. Look.'

Mamma did look; and then she gave her little boy a hug. Out of each line one word was gone, the second word 'must,' but in its place was written instead 'w-i-l-l,' and Edgar's memory gem was, 'I will sit still in church.'

'Isn't will a nicer word, mamma?' asked the little fellow. 'I like to say, "I will sit still in church."'

'Yes, indeed, dear,' said his mother, 'I will is better than I must. I am very glad you thought of it.'

'And now if you'll only just let me,' continued the little lad, 'I'd like to write every bit of my writing for Friday and Saturday and Sunday morning. Then I'll be all done.'

Mamma said 'yes,' and for a long while a very busy pencil was at work. At last the slate was brought to Mrs. Morse. Thirty lines of writing; every one Edgar's memory gem, that he meant always to keep. 'I will sit still in church.'

'You needn't think I'll forget any more, for I just can't. This is my membery jam, you know, and next Sunday you'll just see, I will sit still in church.'

And he did.—'Advance.'

Going When You Are Sent.

'Lucy, I want you to go in and do your practicing now,' said mamma, as she went down the garden walk.'

Lucy was arranging a wall of stones for the wall of her playhouse and said, 'Yes, mamma,' without really thinking much about it. Nearly an hour afterwards she saw her mother returning, and suddenly remembered that neglected practicing. Then she ran to the piano in a great hurry.

'Are you nearly through, little daughter?' asked Mrs. Bird, as she came in.

'No-o,' Lucy answered slowly.

Mrs. Bird said nothing, and the little girl played on till her hour was up. Then she ran out in the garden again, but stopped, surprised, at the pansy bed, for her mother was busy weeding, and looked very warm and tired.

'Why, mamma, I said I'd do that!' Lucy exclaimed, in an aggrieved tone.

'So you did,' answered Mrs. Bird quietly. 'But I see a great many weeds here.'

'I forgot it,' murmured Lucy, much ashamed. 'But please let me do it now, mamma. I don't want you to.

'No,' said her mother, 'your cousin Mary has just come home, and I promised her you could come over for the rest of the afternoon. I thought you might have time to do it when you finished practicing, but it is too late now. You must go and get ready and I will finish here.'

'But—but' — began Lucy, half crying at the thought of her delicate mother performing the work she had promised to do hours before — 'I never meant that you should do it, mamma. I truly intended to do it pretty soon.'

'Good work cannot be done in that way, Lucy, dear. If you do not do your work at the right time, it is sure to make others work harder, even if they don't have to do any of yours. Now go on to cousin Mary's, and to-morrow try to remember that there is only one best time for doing our work.'—'Little Pilgrim.'

A Heavy Timepiece.

Telling the time is an easy thing for grown-up people, but some little girls and boys are a long time in learning how to do it.

When, however, the difficulty has been overcome, it is nice to be asked by mother or elder sister to 'Run and fetch me the time.'

Then Tom or Nelly runs into the room where the solemn-ticking clock stands, stares a minute at the dial, reckons the time from it, and races proudly back with the information.

Before there were clocks there were sun-dials, and there are plenty of them still to be seen in England. Of course you cannot tell the time as exactly from a sun-dial as from a clock, but if the sun is shining brightly and the shadow thrown is a sharp one, you can get a very close idea of the hour.

Here is a funny story. A certain squire in the north of Ireland, had set up, at great cost, a sundial in his garden, and very proud he was of it. One day while walking there, or just outside the garden, he wanted to know what was the right time. So he turned to a sturdy lad, who was working close by, and said, 'Run down to the dial, Pat, and bring me the time.'

Off ran the boy, and soon disappeared down the grassy slope. Ten minutes passed, and he did not return, and the squire began to get impatient.

Presently a sound of puffing and panting caught his ear. The bushes were parted, and the boy came in sight dragging the sundial up the garden!

'You stupid fellow,' cried the squire, 'what on earth have you been doing; I told you to run and fetch me the time, and—'

'So I hev, sorr,' panted the boy, quite red in the face, 'and hard work it was to get her up!' — 'Child's Own Magazine.'

LESSON XIII.—MARH 31.

Review.

Matthew xxi-xxvii; Luke xix-xxiii; John xii-xviii. Read Isaiah liii., 13; liii., 12.

Golden Text.

'He is despised and rejected of men.'—Isa. liii., 3.

Questions.

(Lesson I.—Matthew xxvi., 6-16.)

1. What wonderful work had Jesus done at Bethany?
2. At whose house was he staying when he was anointed with precious ointment.
3. What did the disciples say about this anointing?
4. What did our Lord say?
5. Is it better to seek to do great things for Christ, or to be ready each day to lovingly offer him what we have?
6. What did Judas do after this?
7. For how much did he sell his soul? Was the money any use to him?
8. How much money would tempt you to be false, to lie or to steal?

(Lesson II.—Matt. xxi., 1-17.)

1. How did our Lord enter Jerusalem?
2. What did the people shout?
3. What did our Lord do in the temple?
4. What authority had he for doing this?
5. What else did he do in the temple?

When, His salvation bringing, to Zion Jesus came
The children all stood singing Hosannas to His name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him, but as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him and smiled to hear their song.

(Lesson III.—John xii., 20-33.)

1. What did Jesus say about dying?
2. What did he say about those who serve him?
3. When Jesus prayed for the glory of God, how did God answer?
4. Did the people know that it was the voice of God?
5. How did Jesus speak of his own death?

(Lesson IV.—Matt. xxii., 34-46.)

1. What are the two great commandments for this life?
2. Can you keep either one perfectly without the other?
3. Were the lawyers able to entangle Jesus in his talk?

(Lesson V.—Matt. xxv., 1-13.)

1. Relate the parable of the Ten Virgins.
2. What was the difference between the wise and the foolish ones?
3. What does oil signify?
4. Could we divide our Christian character amongst our neighbors?

When Jesus comes to reward His servants,
Whether it be noon or night,
Faithful to Him will He find us watching,
With our lamps all trimmed and bright?

(Lesson VI.—Matt. xxv., 14-30.)

1. Repeat the parable of the Talents.
2. Repeat the Golden Text.
3. If the man with the one talent had been faithful, would he have been as much honored as the men who had started with a greater number of talents?

(Lesson VII.—Matt. xxvi., 17-30.)

1. What did the feast of unleavened bread commemorate?
2. What did the slain lamb typify?
3. How was the Lord's Supper instituted?
4. What do the bread and wine typify?

Here, Lord, we show Thy life of love,
Thy death, Thy triumph o'er the tomb;
Thy living sympathy above,
Thy royal glory yet to come.

(Lesson VIII.—Matt. xxvi., 36-46.)

1. Who went with Jesus to Gethsemane?
2. Did they watch with him in his agony?

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

(Lesson IX.—John xviii., 1-14.)

1. How did Judas know where to find the Lord Jesus?
2. Did they have any difficulty in taking our Lord prisoner?
3. What did Peter do?
4. Did the disciples follow Jesus in his humiliation?

(Lesson X.—Matt. xxvi., 57-68.)

1. Where did the armed multitude take Jesus?
2. Did they wish him to receive a fair hearing and an honest sentence?
3. Why did they look for false witnesses?
4. When the high priest asked him if he were the Son of God, what did Jesus answer?
5. Why did they think this blasphemy.
6. What sentence did they pronounce?
7. Had they the power to carry it out?

(Lesson XI.—Luke xxiii., 13-26.)

1. Was Pilate able to find any fault in Jesus?
2. Why did he not release and protect the sinless Prisoner?
3. What sentence did he finally give?

(Lesson xii.)

1. Repeat the Golden Text.
2. What title was placed over the Cross?
3. For whom did Jesus suffer those awful agonies?
4. How did the dying thief show great faith?
5. How did Jesus treat his enemies?

Lesson Hymn.

Drawn to the Cross which Thou hast blest,
With healing gifts for souls distrest,
To find in Thee my Life, my Rest,
Christ crucified, I come.

Stained with the sins which I have wrought,
In word and deed and secret thought,
For pardon which Thy blood hath bought,
Christ crucified, I come.

I would not, if I could, conceal
The ills which only Thou canst heal;
So to the Cross, where sinners kneel,
Christ crucified, I come.

Wash me, and take away each stain,
Let nothing of my sin remain;
For cleansing, though it be through pain,
Christ crucified, I come.

To share with Thee Thy life divine,
Thy righteousness, Thy likeness mine,
Since Thou hast made my nature Thine
Christ crucified, I come.

To be what Thou wouldst have me be,
Accepted, sanctified in Thee,
Through what Thy grace shall work in me,
Christ crucified, I come.

—Genevieve Irons.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., March 31.—Topic—Missions: love of souls.—Rom. x., 1.

Junior C. E. Topic.

DENOMINATIONAL WORK.

Mon., Mar. 25.—The hope of the world.—I. Tim. i., 1.

Tues., Mar. 26—A gospel for all.—Luke ii., 28-32.

Wed., Mar. 27.—Carrying the message.—Isa. vi., 6-8.

Thu., Mar. 28.—Praying that the message may be received.—II. Thess. iii., 1.

Fri., Mar. 29.—The great command.—Matt. xxiv., 14.

Sat., Mar. 30.—Our church's share.—I. Cor xvi., 1-3.

Sun., Mar. 31.—Topic—Missions: our missionary societies. (What they are, how they are carried on, and the work they do.)—Matt. xviii., 16-20.

Free Church Catechism.

37. Q.—What is the duty of the Church to the state?

A.—To observe all the laws of the state unless contrary to the teaching of Christ; to make intercession for the people, and particularly for those in authority; to teach both rulers and subjects the eternal principles of righteousness, and to imbue the nation with the Spirit of Christ.

38. Q.—What is the duty of the state to the Church?

A.—To protect all branches of the Church and their individual members in the enjoyment of liberty to worship God, and in efforts to promote the religion of Christ, which do not interfere with the civil rights of others.

Cirrhosis of Liver and Intemperance

(From the 'British Medical Journal.')

The United Kingdom is by no means a temperate country as regards the consumption of alcoholic drinks, though the Briton is far better conducted in this respect than he was at the date of the Queen's accession, an epoch when the law was less solicitous for his welfare than he is at present. Through learning culled from popular works and temperance lectures the public have an idea that the drinker of spirits dies miserably with hob-nailed liver, the result of chronic alcohol poisoning of that organ. The profession substantially support this idea, for though British physicians recognize other forms of fatal disease due to intemperance, they still understand 'hob-nailed liver' and 'gin-drinker's liver,' to be synonymous with cirrhosis, and they still teach that neat spirits are more potent in causing cirrhosis than wine or malt liquors.

There is a source of fallacy in this theory. Gin-drinking was once very prevalent amongst the classes who seek hospital relief, classes who yet consume other spirituous liquors too often in excess. Their fatal malady could be traced beyond death, and diagnosis was verified by the medical registrar and demonstrator of pathology. The Briton who can afford to drink wine does not often die in a hospital, nor do his friends allow of pathological research. Hence it is too much taken for granted that abuse of wine does not frequently cause cirrhosis.

Professor Lancereaux quite recently brought forward some remarkable facts and theories before the Paris Academie de Medicine. He proved that undeniably cirrhosis of the liver, common amongst the poor of the French capital, is very often caused by intemperate indulgence in wine, and in wine alone, the well-known vin ordinaire of the wine-shops. An Englishman might conclude that the wine of the estaminet or tapis franc may be fortified with cheap spirit for inspiriting the proletariat with logwood and aniline. But Lancereaux says nothing about the Paris workman's wine being 'fortified.' He insists,

however, on another form of adulteration, to which the Academie devoted much attention—the addition of plaster-of-Paris in order to give a 'dry' flavor. On the strength of this fact he goes so far as to advance a new theory. Cirrhosis of the liver, he believes, is not due to alcohol, but to certain salts which are in solution in intoxicating drinks. His own statistics seem to us to include the same source of fallacy as is found in English statistics. Out of 210 cases of cirrhosis under his own care, where the patient was clearly intemperate, the 'especial vanity,' as Mr. Weller, senior, would say, was distributed as follows:—Excess of wine alone, 68 cases; excess of wine, brandy, rum, and absinthe more or less combined, 126 cases; excess of wine and beer, 12 cases; and excess of wine and cider, four cases. Hence he concludes that in Paris wine is the efficient cause of hepatic cirrhosis, as excess of that alcoholic drink was marked in all his cases, and often was the sole agent in causing the disease. On the other hand, Parisian workmen all drink cheap wine, whilst the British inebriate in humble life nearly always takes spirits. Hence we have no evidence that spirits may not be a yet more 'efficient' cause of cirrhosis.

Still there remains Lancereaux's theory, that cirrhosis is due to mineral salts, and not to alcohol. Gin is not doctored, we believe, with mineral salts. Of the 'plastering' of cheap claret, however, there can be no doubt. The epicure loves the flavor of a naturally dry wine for its own sake. On the other hand, it is not certain that the uncultured sot and the coarse drinker in any class look on dryness as a sweet sensuous delight. They choose a sham 'dry' wine because their stomachs are disordered, and they hate anything sweet. Thackeray loved to see a man of forty eat a jam tart with relish, and we know what he meant. The drinker cannot tolerate sweetness, whilst he knows that acidity will upset him. Hence the 'dry' flavor is preferred as being to the drinker neither nauseous nor irritant. Therefore plaster is freely put into cheap claret for the Paris poor. Lancereaux now demonstrates that it is the sulphate of potash, which exists in considerable quantity mixed with the sulphate of lime, that damages the liver so as to cause the well known cirrhotic changes. He and Couturieux have found that sulphate of potash, mixed with articles of diet, undoubtedly causes the well-known changes of the connective tissues of the liver which bring about the appearances characteristic of cirrhosis. The administration of pure alcohol in the higher animals never seems to cause hepatic cirrhosis, though all observers find that it produces true and typical fatty degeneration. This change, it appears, is seen in absinthe drinkers. Lancereaux gives us a bit of information especially important when this subject is considered in a general sense, and beyond the banks of the Seine. 'The proportion of salts of potash,' he states, 'is relatively strong in certain wines and in some beers.'

The distinguished French pathologist is, doubtless, more or less correct in his conclusions about wine and hepatic disease in Paris, and it would appear that 'some' kinds of beer contain the noxious salt. Unfortunately, we once more face negative evidence. He implies that spirits, especially absinthe, do not contain the salt. Absinthe drinkers do not get cirrhosis. What, however, causes the disease in the British drunken operatives? Do some spirits, like 'some beers,' contain sulphate of potash? The matter is worth investigation. Till it is made clear, we doubt if British physicians will abandon the theory that spirits—at least British spirits—cause cirrhosis through the direct injurious action of alcohol on the liver.

It is true that a man who is foolish enough to become a smoker is usually weak enough to pay more regard to his comrades' sneers and his own pleasure than to the wisdom and experience of all the world. Nevertheless, all young men should know that such a shrewd and successful man as Chauncey M. Depew declares that his success in life is due in great measure to his firmness in breaking off the habit of smoking. He used to be an ardent devotee of the weed, but when he found that he must choose between tobacco and brain, he bade an eternal good-bye to the former.

Correspondence

SENDING 'MESSENGERS' TO INDIA.

Clark's Harbor, N. S.

Dear Sirs,—In one of last month's numbers of the 'Messenger' I noticed a call for 'Northern Messengers' to be sent to India. I would like to know the cost of this paper if sent from your office to that country, say, in lots of ten papers.

Yours truly,
L. M. COLQUHOUN.

Ans.—The ten copies of the 'Northern Messenger' for one year will cost $2.00, to which add $3.12 for postage to India.—Ed. 'Northern Messenger.'

A VALUABLE PAPER.

Carlow, Feb. 25, 1901.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son:

Gentlemen,—In renewing our subscription for the 'Northern Messenger' you will find enclosed $4.20, for which send twenty-one copies for one year.

We find it to be a valuable paper both for young and old. We all look forward for the 'Messenger.'

Hoping we can double our subscription for the next year, I remain, yours truly,
J. H. TEWSLY, sec.

Winslow, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. My father is a farmer. We have three horses and twenty-one head of cattle, and seven sheep. I wonder if any little boys' or girls' birthday comes on the same day as mine—Feb. 22? ALLAN Mc. Aged 8.)

Indian Head, Alb.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much and I think I could not do without it. After I am through with it I send it to my mother. I have one sister and two brothers. We have a big black dog, we call him Watch. J. C. (Aged 13.)

Rosetta.

Dear Editor,—My brother Johnnie gets the 'Messenger,' we all enjoy reading it. He is in college in Guelph, just now. My father, my brother and three of my sisters belong to the Sons of Temperance in Middleville. Wishing all the readers of the 'Messenger' a happy New Year,
ANNIE R. (Aged 9.)

Reabero, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Baptist Sunday-school. We get the 'Messenger' at the Sunday-school and like it very much. I have a brother going to the McMaster University at Toronto. I am taking piano lessons from my sister.
WELLINGTON. (Aged 10.)

Belleville.

Dear Editor,—I like to read 'Little Folks' Page' very much. I live on the coast of the Bay of Quinté. The Bay is frozen over and I go out skating nearly every day. I have three sisters—Maggie, Lillie and Jean. AGNES C. M. (Aged 10.)

Perm, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school. I have one sister and three brothers. We have taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and would not be without it.
SARAH K. (Aged 8.)

Oliver.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl six years old. I take the 'Northern Messenger' and like it very much. I have one-half mile to go to school. I am learning to sew and wash dishes. FRANCES S. E.

Kirkwall, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Presbyterian Church, and we have had it remodelled and expect to have a nice time at the reopening. Our minister's name is Mr. McKenzie, and we all like him very much. With many good wishes for the 'Messenger.'
CARRIE E. R. (Aged 11.)

Fergus.

Dear Editor,—My father is a gardener. We have taken the 'Messenger' for four years. We all like it, and think we could not do without it. I have three sisters, two are living in Toronto and one at home. I have two pets, a canary bird and a cat. My birthday is on Aug. 22. I will close by wishing you a prosperous New Year.
JESSIE W.

Keward, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. We go to the Presbyterian Church. We have a very nice minister. I have two brothers and one sister. My sister takes the 'Messenger.' I have a mile and a half to go to school; I like my teacher. I have a white cat named Beauty. Wishing you and the 'Messenger' every success.
MINNIE L. (Aged 11.)

Randon Island, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly a year and I like it very much. I live in a lighthouse, of which my father is the keeper. I have no playmates, except my brother and sisters, and I do not go to school now. I went to school for three months in the fall. It is lonely here in the winter, but it is not so bad in the summer, because there are people fishing near all the time. Sometimes my cousin, Sadie B., pays me a visit in the summer months.
JULIA MAY C. (Aged 10.)

P.S.—Could any of the little subscribers send me the hymn, 'We've Sighted the Golden Gate.' JULIA.

Lower Freetown.

Dear Editor,—I think your paper is a fine paper. I like 'Little Folks' and 'Find-the-place Almanac.' My father is a farmer. I have two brothers and one sister. ROY C. (Aged 11.)

Canaan, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As my brother was sending subscribers for the 'Messenger' I thought I would write you a letter. We have lots of snow, and very cold weather. I live on a farm and go to school. I have a mile to walk and like my teacher very much. I have three sisters and three brothers. LEAH S. (Aged 10.)

Collingwood.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Collegiate Institute here. I am in the second form. If I am very diligent I might, perhaps, in two years get my second-class certificate, on which I could teach. I wish I could see the pictures of some of the little girls who write to this paper, as I am very much interested in their letters. Sometimes I have their pictures in imagination, as I read their letters.

I have a sister a nurse in the hospital. She likes it, and just now she is on night duty. I have a brother who is a druggist in town, and I have still another who is in Duluth.

I think Collingwood is going to be a city soon, because the ship-yards are here and the smelting works are coming in the spring. A friend of mine also told me that there is a wire manufacturer coming here, and so there is no reason to doubt the fact that, in due time, it will become a city. ETHEL B. (Aged 14.)

Hamilton.

Dear Editor,—I live in the city of Hamilton. It is a very pretty place with a number of pretty parks, and it has a bay at the bottom of it and a mountain at the top of it. I have about five blocks to go to school. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I have five brothers and four sisters, all my sisters are older than me, and I have only one brother younger than I am. I am thirteen years old, and my birthday is on Jan. 14. My oldest brother keeps a fruit store. It is a very nice store, too. GRACE T.

Windsor Mills, Que.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and get the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. I have two pets, a cat and a dog. I have two sisters and three brothers. CARRIE M. H. (Aged 10.)

ST. PATRICK'S NUMBER.

'Witness' readers with Irish blood in their veins would enjoy 'World Wide,' published on March 16. A copy will be sent postage prepaid and free of charge to any one sending a postcard asking for it.

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Montreal, Canada.

HOUSEHOLD.

Economy in the Kitchen.

(By Mary Louise Palmer.)

Economy is a trite subject, so is daily life. Both, however, are worth considering, and perhaps nowhere does economy count for more than in the kitchen.

There is an old saying that 'a woman can throw out with a spoon faster than a man can throw in with a shovel,' and no one will deny that this is not sometimes verified. It is to this woman that makes such lively use of the spoon, and to all others interested, that this short article is addressed.

Perhaps the various readers and model kitchen keepers will consider themselves beyond advice, that already there is no spot or place with them where closer economy can be practiced. But observe your kitchen work.

In cooking meats, for example, do you sometimes throw out the water without letting it cool to take off the fat, or were you ever known to scrape the dripping-pan into the swill pail? Because if you have, closest economy cannot be said of you. There is room for improvement. This grease, if sweet, as it usually is, is useful in many ways and should always be saved.

Housekeepers careless in this respect often throw out bits of meat that would make good hash, or bones with meat still adhering, and pieces of fish that could be worked in with the left-overs. And can a woman be found that ever throws out vegetables that would warm nicely for breakfast?

I know of housekeepers who pride themselves upon saving ways, nevertheless use nice knives for cooking in the kitchen, silver spoons to scrape kettles and forks to toast bread, besides being prodigal in other directions. And this is not all. There is a certain grasping spirit that hoards for possible contingencies—which never come—resulting in waste of much that might have been conserved to usefulness.

It is not economy to throw away or allow waste, even though not in need ourselves. Some one else may be helped and blessed by the overflow from our supplies.' Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost,' is the injunction of the great Teacher.

Economy in the kitchen helps in all directions. The bank account will be larger, the children's education easier met, in truth, there is no department of the home life that is not touched.

An account book should always find place in the kitchen, and the housekeeper should keep accounts. It is a practice that develops habits of thrift and economy. Comparing one month's expenses with another is interesting, and it helps one remember that the money of the wage-earner is often hard-earned.

I remember a great-aunt, shrewd and thrifty, who often deplored the ways of younger people.

'Why, they get no better in life,' she would say, 'is because they do not practice economy.'—'Christian Work.'

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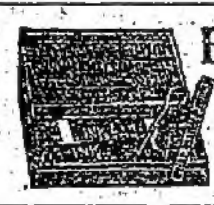

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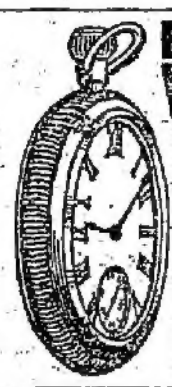

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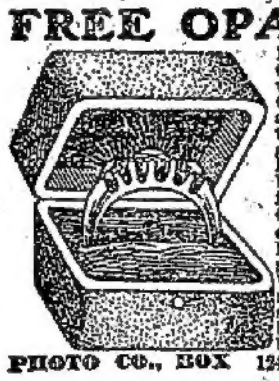

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Sincerely yours,
GRACE KING.

About the 'Witness.'

Wellington, Jan. 18, 1901.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal:—

Gentlemen,—I have taken the 'Weekly Witness' and 'Guardian' for many years, and cannot do without them as long as my eyesight holds out to read them. I will be eighty-four if I live until the twenty-ninth of March, and at the early age of eleven years I was converted through the instrumentality of a pious mother. I have been wonderfuly blessed in reading many of the soul-inspiring Christian lives in the 'Witness.' My health is very good yet.

Yours sincerely,
S. B. JACOBS.

Three Rivers, Mass., Jan. 25, 1901.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal:

Gentlemen,—Enclosed please fine one dollar for the renewal of my subscription to the 'Weekly Witness,' which, of the seven papers I get, is the best. May it ever prosper. Thanks for the interesting supplement on the occasion of the Queen's death.

Yours truly,
L. E. RIVARD.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'